

My Souvenir

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Summary: There is nothing more terrifying than being trapped, in mind. Body. And soul. WARNING Sexual content.

My Souvenir

I swear, I don't only write crack ' So here we have the result of what happens when I go through a hard break up. I've had this idea for a long time, and although I do not ship this paring as any sort of canon (I am actually a huge Chrome/Mukuro fan) I decided to write it out anyway. Those that have read my other fic on Xanxus and Squalo, know I try my hardest to stay in character even though the given situation makes no sense at allâ€¦Like. At fucking all -_- but, non the less, I give you this.

Warning; Explicit sexual contact as well as topics that can make your stomach churn. This is not for the weak at heart. I have read a lot of good (as well as bad) 10069 fics, so this is my take on how their characters would act if this given situation was forced.

Takes place after Byakuran defeats Mukuro within his quarters at the Millefiore base.

May contradict canon story plot O.o

There is nothing scarier than being trapped within the mind, body, and soul.

My Souvenir

A waste of a beautiful room it was. All the time spent decorating and complimenting the white couch that sat on the white floor. The sun always made that room so bright when it reflected off of the marble flooring. The broken glass that was scattered about almost made it even brighter.

"Pity." Byakuran sneers as he strides over to the only dark colors present in the room; that of the fallen Vongola Mist Guardian. One knee to his chest, the other doing its best to support his weight. One hand covers his bleeding right eye. Byakuran ends his stride at Mukuro's side all the while simultaneously grabbing his tie and jerking him upward to meet his hard gaze. Mukuro never liked those violet eyes of his. Such a horrid contradiction it was. Byakuran offers a seemingly harmless smile as he forcefully takes his free hand and wraps it around Mukuro's neck like a vice grip. Both now standing.

"Tell me, Mukuro kun," He squeezes tighter, his other hand still clutching his tie, "Do you wish for death?"

Mukuro offers his signature smile as he tries to steady himself in the ladders grip "I wish for you to vanish off of this pathetic earth." He tries to push away to no avail. A chuckle reverberates from the Millefiore boss, "Oh, Mukuro kun, always so prideful. You have no idea how excited I am to break you. To show you how inferior you truly are."

"Kufufufu you can torture this body all you want. You assume pain is something vague to me. You are sadly mistaken. Once I am freed from the Vindicare, I will show you what it means to suffer." Mukuro begins to realize his breath is short as Byakuran's grip continues to tighten around his neck.

"I quite like this tie." Byakuran twirls the end of the tie, that is now also wrapped tight around Mukuro's neck, through his fingers, "But I think I would like it more if you were hanging from it." A devilish smile was the last thing Mukuro remembered before a flash of white took over his vision as well as his consciousness.

Pain. So much pain concentrated on his face. No. The right side of his face. A throbbing ache that made the illusionist quite lightheaded. The room is dark, and dimly lit, which he found surprising. Mukuro assumed that all of the rooms in the Millefiore were white, including the dungeons. He goes to move. But all he can do is hear the rattle of chains. "What the.." and it hits him. "AHHH.." Mukuro jerks back in the iron chair he is bound to. Arms painfully restrained behind the chair, ankles cuffed to the front legs of the chair, leaving his legs slightly open. Pain. So much pain that his vision is blurry. But It's not just blurry, it is wrong. A rag covers his right eye now, he realizes, and the fear hits him. That Millefiore bastard cut out his eye.

"AHHHHGGNN." He tries hard to compose himself, for the chair doesn't give him much freedom to move. The illusionists once silky hair is now stained with blood.

"Ah, you're awake." A voice all too cheerful fills Mukuro's head. "I see you've made yourself comfortable." The sarcasm is so saturated that Mukuro can almost taste it through the blood in his mouth. Byakuran shuts the metal door behind him, locking it, and turns a light on which brightens the entire room. Mukuro closes his eyes and tries forcefully, one more time, to mentally escape.

"It's no use Mukuro kun. Without that eye, you cannot escape. It's just me, you, and these four brick walls." Byakuran walks over and gently rubs a hand over Mukuro shoulders. He walks behind the chair

he sits in, and moves to the other side. He leans over from behind the bound and shaking illusionist and whispers in his ear, "You will eat your harsh words, Mukuro kun." He walks around and keels in front of Mukuro who is now slouched over as far as he can go, hair covering his one crimson eye. "Hmmm. Discouraged are we?" Mukuro offers a smile in return, "I will tell you nothing."

Byakuran stands now and pushes Mukuro's head back against the iron chair forcing him to look up. "It is not information I want, no. To be more blunt, it is your mouth I desire." Mukuro squints at this comment, unsure of how to answer.

"Tell me, how much do you care about your dear portal, Chrome?" The question annoys Mukuro, even more so than the annoying hand that is now stroking his head like a pet.

"She is just that. A portal." Mukuro jerks his head away from the hand in his hair, only for it to grab more forcefully and hold his gaze.

"Really? Such a strong beautiful woman she has become in the future. She is the most desirable woman in the mafia, no?" Byakuran hits a button on the side of the chair that releases a strap on the side of Mukuro's neck. He quickly fastens it to the other side, leaving Mukuro with no choice but to meet his captures gaze, unable to move his head. "It would be a shame if something were to happen to h_"

"Don't." Mukuro meant for the word to leave his mouth as a threat, but it came out as a plea. To his dismay his feelings for the once feeble girl had grown. He had always wished to protect her, which at the same time meant protecting her from himself. A hunted demon in the mist.

"Well then, you should be glad I'm doing this to you instead of her." It was the next gesture that threw everything in Mukuro's mind off balance. A gesture that made him wonder just how sick and twisted this man really was. A gesture that came with the sound of a 'clip' and a 'zip'. As Byakuran continued to slowly undo his pants, he spoke softly as if the two had been friends for years. "I've been quite frustrated you know? Taking over the world and all. Building up all this negative energy isn't quite good for the mind. I could use some relief. Care to help?"

Mukuro finds himself so stunned that he almost cannot feel the pain of his missing eye anymore. Almost. He cannot be serious, he thinks. It wasn't until he realized that Byakuran had slipped his flaccid member out of his trousers that he was very serious. He began to stroke is sensually, slowly as if to tease himself to life. "Let me lay down some ground rules, Mukuro kun. You bite, I will personally make sure I fuck your little Chrome senseless right in front of you. That is, only after I've castrated you and cut out your other eye. That way you only have to hear her screams. Does that sound like a fair deal?" He speaks his words all too gently and it makes the situation all the more sickening. Mukuro feels as if he is going to vomit. He cannot form words, and suddenly becomes hyper aware as Byakuran steps close to him, his member almost all the way hard.

"You're mad." Mukuro manages to say although his tone is filled with

dread.

"We are all mad, aren't we?" Byakuran laces his right hand into Mukuro's hair scratching his scalp. "Now suck."

What choice does he really have, really? Even though he is not in his real body, he can no longer escape without outside help from the mist ring that Chrome currently wears. Would the pain really be worth his pride if he were to struggle?

So he does. It was a swift motion really. An audible "oh" chimes from the white haired Millefiore boss as Mukuro allows the penetration. It is uncomfortable. Foreign. And he feels every last ounce of his pride slip away.

"Mmmm better than I had imagined." Byakuran moves in and out slowly. "You really do burn like hell." Soon, the room was filled with nothing but Byakuran's heavy breathing, and a slight slurping sound as he fucked the illusionists mouth. Trying to struggle in his restraints were no use, but it did not stop the illusionist from trying. "You can keep trying you know. Your struggling adds to the scenery." Byakuran picks up the pace as he feels himself being sucked closer to completion.

Mukuro, eye screwed shut, tries to imagine anything other than what is happening. He can't help but think about what the others would think if they found out about this. It was then that he realized that, for the first time in his life, he missed the safety of his Vindicare cell. He missed the water. The shackles. Even those restraints weren't as tight as these.

"Oh, Mukuro kun, you have me so close." Byakuran now has both hands laced into Mukuro's hair, pushing and gaging him on his twitching member. "I wonder if Chrome enjoys your mouth as much as I do." The comment makes Mukuro open his eye to glare upward. How dare he bring her back into this. How dare he insinuate doing such sexual things to her. Although, he'd be lying if he hadn't thought of her in those terms. He never wanted to be the one to take her innocence and hurt her. He knew he could show her pleasure like no other. However, given his current circumstances, now was not the time.

"I want you to swallow everything when I release." Byakuran's ever present smile, widening. His pace, quickening. "And maybe I'll loosen your restraints a little, hn?" He's become almost frantic at this point. Pushing almost all the way in and pulling all the way back out, drool dripping down the sides of Mukuro's mouth. Mukuro closes his eye as he feels Byakuran stall deep inside, releasing everything he had down his throat. "Hmmmm so goodâ€¦!" Byakuran lets his eyes fall shut. The sounds of Mukuro gagging fills the small room.

Byakuran pulls away swiftly, using Mukuro's tie to wipe off his member before placing it back into his trousers. That forever satisfied grin has never looked so sinful until now. "Thank you Muku Kun, for such a sweet release. I must say I'm very pleased." Mukuro tries to let his hair fall in front of his face as best he can, but his neck movements are limited. "Kufufu you've just signed yourself a death wish."

Byakuran strides back over to the door in which he entered "Again

with the threats? You're not in the position to be spitting anything, as such, at me. Oh, and you missed quite a bit of cum, so there will be no loosening of your restraints for tonight. Rest up dearie, tomorrow's another day." His voice, a sing song melody, that could almost convince anyone he isn't the sinister villain he has become.

The door slams shut, leaving a prideless Rokudo Mukuro still restrained as tightly as he was before. A smile creeps on his face, nothing strange in that matter. But it was the shadow of a tear drop that fell past his cheek, upon his black pants that was strange. A sign of remorse? Fear? Or most likely anger.

"Kufufufu" you may think you're winning now, Byakuran, but you fail to see the mist behind the illusion, and the truth within the lie."

And just like that. He vanishes. Leaving nothing but a cold metal chair, and a room with four walls.

Byakuran wakes from his nap on the couch, in a once beautiful room with glass shattered on the floor. A sinister smile creeps upon his face.

Holy god, did I even really just write that O.O Ugh. Oh well. Some smut to get me through the day.

The story is to be interperated how you will. Did Chrome reach Mukuro? Or did, perhaps, Byakuran imagine the whole thing? A trick to get inside the Millfiore bosses mind to see what he's really like. Those that love Mukuro's character know he loves to acquire information. I am a Reborn! Freak, and it was never explicitly stated how Mukuro escaped or what Byakuran tried to do with him. All we know is that he had help most likely from Chrome and his gang.

And random side note. Byakuran seems like the type to take long naps after sex ' Just seems his style

Thank you all who read! 3 you are loved! Maybe ill write 6996 next

End
file.